

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

IRONTON OHIO, TUESDAY, JUNE 28, 1853.

NUMBER 25.

VOLUME 1.

WILLIAM J. COZBY,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.
Office in the Railroad Depot,
IRONTON, OHIO.

Will be published every Tuesday, for One Dollar per year in advance—or One Dollar and Fifty cents if not paid within the first three months.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:—One or more squares of twelve lines, for five cents each for the first insertion, and five cents for each subsequent insertion.

A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year, or for a longer period. Notices of five lines or less, requiring but one insertion, will be published for twenty-five cents each.

Advertisements will be received at the office of the publisher, and in the most approved style.

TO AN ABSENT WIFE.
G. D. PRENTICE.

"Thou art—the sea breeze, my true bring,
Joy, health and freshness on my wing;
Bright flowers, to me all strange and new,
Are glittering in the early dew,
And perfume the air with every breeze,
As if to tell me that thou art near;
Like spirit of thy own sweet heart,
But I am sad—thou art not here!

"Thou art—the unbroken sleep
Is on the blue waves of the deep;
A soft haze, like a fairy dream,
Is floating over wood and stream,
And many a broad magnolia flower,
Within its shadowy woodland bower
Is gleaming like a lovely star;
But I am sad—thou art not here!

"Thou art—the sun on earth's sunny skies,
Are brightening on the sunset dyes;
The stars come down and trembling glow,
Like blossoms in the wave below,
And like an unseen spirit the breeze
Seems lingering midst the orange trees,
Breathing its music round the spot;
But I am sad—thou art not here!

"Thou art—the moonlight with a soothing spell
The far off tones of ocean swell—
Soft as a mother's cadence mild,
Low bending o'er her sleeping child,
And on each wandering breeze are heard
The rich notes of the mocking bird,
In many a wild and wondrous lay;
But I am sad—thou art not here!

I sink in dreams—Mow, sweet, and clear,
Thy own dear voice is in my ear;
Around my couch thy robes twine—
Thy own loved hand is clasped in mine,
Thy own soft lip to mine is pressed,
Thy head is pillowed on my breast;
Oh I have all my heart holds dear,
And I am happy—thou art here!

SAN FRANCISCO, May 14, 1853.

Messrs. Editors:—As many of your readers are interested in anything descriptive of a voyage to the distant El Dorado, I submit the following lines to be used as you think proper.

VOYAGE TO CALIFORNIA.

Many who have never experienced a sea voyage, know little of what those who set out for the distant El Dorado have to undergo. To those not initiated into the change, or who have never before been on a sea voyage, it generally makes a decided impression, as those who have ever been afflicted with sea sickness can testify. It is not generally known what a voyage to this distant clime has to undergo, else many who start from their homes with bright anticipations, would forego the temptation and be content to remain with those who are near and dear, and be satisfied with whatever Providence chooses to grant. I will mention for instance the case of a young man, who before leaving home, was in possession of a snug little farm, but being satisfied with his prospects, concluded to dispose of it, and start for the land where he imagined his hopes would be realized. But alas! a change came over the spirit of his dream, and he sighed to be back again, and with fearful eyes and faltering lips entreated the Purser of the ship, that he might be permitted to return on his voyage back from San Juan Del Norte, the Purser agreeing to the arrangement, provided the homelick swain did not change his mind in the meantime. It was indeed amusing to those more hardened to such scenes, to see what warmth he exclaimed, "oh would I were home again, and had the same little farm where I lived so happy, I would give a hundred dollars to be back again."

The Star of the West, which sailed April 5th, had 500 passengers, including a large number of ladies. The passengers, especially those who were not troubled with sea-sickness, seemed to enjoy the voyage, as we were favored with fair weather and fine breezes. As we continued on our course and nearing the West India Isles, we for the first time began to realize what we had to undergo, as the burning rays of a tropical sun poured down on our devoted heads, and with the heat emitted from the steam boilers, combined to make us most miserable. Imagine yourself reader, obliged to enter the stinking-room, with the engines at your back and the thermometer at nearly boiling heat, the tables suspended from the walls by iron rods, swaying to and fro with every lurch of the ship, the perspiration rolling from your forehead in copious streams, and at length being overcome with heat, you are obliged to beat a hasty retreat, and

seizing your dipper in one hand, and a piece of biscuit and salt junk in the other, you ascend the stairs, and finish your meal where you can breathe easier, and where you are not in danger of disappearing like ice before a summer sun—imagine yourself partaking of that common luxury termed butter, when you are obliged to dip it out of a pan as you would soup, the heat having reduced it to a perfect liquid, and after a few such experiences, perhaps your ardor would be dampened, as indeed, mine has been, if you entertain any idea of traversing the same course.

But the most trying scene to be encountered is perhaps in the dry season, when those who have to come by this route have to cross the Isthmus, and proceeding up the river San Juan, enter the lake. The passage up the river during the present season is very poor, as the water is low, and consequently navigation very difficult. Many times the passengers had to jump into the water when the boat struck upon a bar, and, by a united exertion, succeeded in getting her along. Had not the passengers assisted on such occasions, by lighting the boat, by removing the baggage, or agreeing to be landed on the banks, the traversing the woods, our passage would have been much retarded. On one occasion the passengers were landed on the opposite side of the bank (with the exception of the ladies and a few who were exempt on account of age) and were compelled to travel through the woods about two miles, and such a tramp may we never again be obliged to take, for all the tramps we have yet experienced this indeed is the one we will be likely the longest to remember. Our road lay through a dense wood or thick, unlike any we have ever before traversed, with briars and running vines so thick as almost to retard our progress, and broken limbs decayed roots, and other impediments lay in our way, and, to add to our discomfort, the ground was moist from copious showers, so that with every step we made a deep impression; but, remembering the old adage "where there's a will there's a way," by our exertions we were enabled to proceed on our journey.

After crossing the lake and landing at Virgin Bay we mounted our mules and proceeded to cross the 12 miles of land travel, the heat being intolerable; but we were favored in one particular, the road being in fine condition. After a tedious ride of about three hours arrived on the bank which commands a view of the Pacific in the distance, and at length landed at the termination of our land route—San Juan Del Sur. This town is composed of a mixed population of natives and whites, who are in the habit of practicing all kinds of extortions on those who happen to be cast among them. As there has been no protection to American citizens on this side (as in fact, there has been none on either side of the Isthmus) those who have come on this route have been severely fleeced, without any means of redress. The passengers on board the Star of the West came to a unanimous conclusion that one of these acts of extortion they would not submit to. It has been the custom for the keepers of the principle of hiring houses to hire boatmen to take the passengers from the beach to the steamer in waiting, and to charge the sum of \$2.00 a head, with the addition of 50 cents for baggage, this service the passengers considered, the company of right on it to perform, and I went to the agent in a holy and demanded. The agent offered the boatman \$1.00 a head, which they refused. The sloop of war Portsmouth was applied to, whose commander promised aid if required, to protect the passengers, as the agent concluded to re-ship the passengers with the boats belonging to the steamer. As was expected the natives became exasperated and it was feared they would commit some act of violence on the company's boats, in consequence of which the sloop of war manned two boats and sent them to the shore to protect the passengers when embarking in the boats. Taking offense at the threatening appearance of the sloop of war's boats, the Reveille was sent, and the native soldiers rushed to their barracks, and then formed in position on the summit of a hill commanding the harbor. But not a charge escaped their rusty weapons, as they new what they had to encounter had they fired a shot, for we were determined to give them a lesson they would remember had they offered violence to any of our party. We hope those who come by this line will remember this, and not allow any such acts to be perpetrated upon them, but be determined to defend their rights and not submit to extortion.

On leaving the harbor cheers were given to the sloop of war, which received a hearty response, and after weighing anchor we proceeded on our voyage and arrived at San Francisco on the 6th, making our voyage in 31 days from New York.

Coat Grove Martin.

Reminiscences of a Physician.

"Why don't you get married, Doctor? I'm sure it would benefit you greatly in your profession."

This was the question and reason of my fashionable friend Mr. Watson, one morning, while engaged in a professional chat, having prescribed for her child, that was now rapidly recovering after a severe attack of croup. As the child had been taken suddenly ill, and was not expected to recover—now that it had passed all danger, the mother's heart was overflowing with gratitude to the man whose skill she believed had saved the life of her only child, a lovely boy of four years; and in her anxiety to show how well she appreciated my services, she had then hit of many ways by which the young doctor might be benefited, and a marriage to her seemed the first step to that end; and she thought I was entitled to it.

Had I answered the question truly, I would have replied that I was unable to support the object of my friend's wish, I thought she deserved; but prudence dictated an opposite course, and I replied that I intended shortly to marry, thus satisfying my fair interloper, and preventing her from suspecting that poverty alone was the cause that prevented me from uniting my destinies with one of the fairest and loveliest daughters of Eve.

And how often is this question asked of the young professional man either by mistake, though well intentioned friends, or by scheming and interested relations, that are on the lookout to dispose of some decaying beauty, or some neglected belle, that is fast verging into the "pearl and yellow leaf"—by the former, if he happens to have a spirit above bending to, or a love for a woman too pure and too tender to lure her from a comfortable home to share his scanty income, or how to the shifts which habit by gentility is so often forced to make—by the latter to find out if his receipts are sufficient to maintain their amiable (and often, indeed, cousin, as the case may be) in a fashionable circle, and give entertainments in which of course, they intend to shine—and how often is the young professional man duped by the latter, or acting upon the well intentioned though mistaken views of the former, induced to marry, and find when too late, that he has been miserably disappointed in his expectations of success, because he has got married.

How many are living at this day, steeped to the lips in poverty, but laden with the cares of an increasing family, their hearts daily crushed by the thought that their children cannot occupy that station which their beauty and education entitle them to, but which their poverty forbids; and hear probably from the lips of some poor doctor's niece, the children of the poor doctor, or minister, (as it may happen.)

They who, if they have not married to satisfy their friends or interested relatives, have risked their own, and the happiness of their offspring; by that mistake, a notion which many have practiced; and few have succeeded in, or marrying with the hope and expectation that their own income will enable them to live as they would desire. Because their influence is extending; they will draw upon it in anticipation of a future day. The method to gain influence is like the miser gazing gold; but upon every little, and gain a gold, which will make you the patron, not the beggar. The influence of a poor man in this world is scarcely felt; of a rich man powerful.

What a sentiment! so often indulged in by untaught youth and loose sick maidens, and which, if there is a sentiment more fraught with mischief and dire consequences to the human family than any other withal effect, it is that of marrying for love and working for riches. How often have I seen the effects of this sweet-sounding, but happiness destroying sentiment upon the bed of disease, and racked with the thought, that they alone were the cause of their now miserable situation.

It is not when in possession of health or radiant with beauty, and sparkling with wit or admired for talents, that they are enabled to comprehend the situation to which their rashness may lead them, or those they love. A view of the world's poverty will point with proud exultation to a single case, probably of one now standing high in the scale of estimation, that was urged into such position by the sustaining influence of a loving and devoted wife—vain illusion! If a man is not urged on by ambition, or lured by fame, woman can't raise him to eminence, though she were as beautiful as Venus, or talented as Minerva. No; man may and does elevate the woman of his choice to his position, by the influence or force of talent. Whatever she may be, she is his wife, and as such, but a man to be elevated by his wife, the world doubt his attainments. How often have I seen the man of genius struggling with his poverty, for the sake of those who were dearer to him than life, and every effort only served, like the dying throes of the young bird, to drive the barbed arrow deeper in his bosom; when the same man, without those claims upon his love, did and could sustain himself, and eagle-like soar alone, by the force of his own untalented efforts, and force from the admiring world around exclamations of wonder, words of praise. But now bowed down in spirit, ruined in hopes, crushed in feeling, he can no longer sustain the proud position he once occupied; and the world wonder that they ever saw in him that which they could admire.

Yet it is not to be understood by any of my fair readers that I am opposed to early marriages, or that I am a disciple of Malthus, on the contrary, I advocate the union of hearts, not heads, and if there is anything left in poor fallen humanity worthy of a marriage, it is the warm rush of youthful love, as it flows pure from the heart, unstained by the knowledge of the world, and free from the taint of hypocrisy which it so soon acquires after having left the fountain. But I doubt the love of any man who would take the woman of his choice from the bosom of a loving family, and trust her happiness or comfort to the chance of success. Miracles do not happen in our days, and the man that thinks he can support a family by trusting to providence, will find himself as much mistaken as if he used the same means to pay a note that was due in the Bank. It is true, that the Christmas bread and water is sure, but few in these days of refinement and luxury care about living on such homely fare, nor do I believe that it is as suitable to make living wives as something more agreeable to the palate.

No doubt many of my fair readers, with prying lip and flashing eye, will say: what a monster, to compare love and means of support; I could live in a cottage on a crust, with pure affection to season it with. We'll see, gentle reader; you have not seen as much of this poor love as I have. You remember Ellen R., that married the poor minister, or Mary L., that married the young promiser—a lawyer, don't you? Well, it is some years now since they were married, and ask them how many hours of wedded joy they have had, or how much nearer the goal of anticipations bliss than they were ten years ago? But few I suppose will believe me, and thus I will have all my trouble for their welfare in vain. Well, I have at least warned them of the rock upon which I have seen so much shipwreck; and if they will ship their happiness on board the bark of matrimony for the long voyage of life, without knowing that there is provision for the cruise, I hope they will not complain if they are obliged to go on short allowance for some part, if not the whole of the trip. How few know the amount of privation and suffering they are obliged to undergo, in forming unions for life without having made provision for the increase of happiness.

This was the result of the collisions which passed through my brain the other night, as I sat smoking a fragrant Havana, after the usual routine of my day was finished, and I cannot doubt by the intelligence that I had received at that young lady, a former patient of mine, was about to be married to a young physician that had lately settled in the city, and whom his friends thought it would benefit by taking to himself a wife, on account of the influence the connections of a wife would bring him. The doctor had a diploma, and the young lady had a fashionable education; together they would form a match of splendid misery. He would find that patients sent for him when they were sick, not for his wife or her relations; and his wife would find it difficult, if not impossible, to live upon the small practice of her husband, and that to be the wife of a starting professional man was a poor compensation for the sacrifice of a fashionable home. How mistaken a notion for a physician to indulge in that he must be married before he can obtain a practice, and marry a woman for the sake of a stepping-stone to such a goal. Go ask your married doctor, who once thought that an income must arise from his practice by perseverance, look at his furrowed brow, and anxious countenance—how he scarce looks, he looks more like a man of seventy years, than man has written and edited more valuable professional works than any other man of his age; and he has now time to pursue his favorite researches, he would fasten his wife with the labor of his brain. But for the sake of those around him he is obliged to sacrifice future fame and wealth to the present pittance, and a struggle on from day to day, until in a few more years he falls into a premature grave, leaving his family sickening thought! Nor is it confined to one profession, all professions furnish enough, too many, cases to illustrate the fallacy of "marrying for love and working for riches."

With professional men it is different from those engaged in mercantile or mechanical pursuits, for the world generally supposes that a professional man, poor in pocket must be poor in talents, which accounts for the success often attending the efforts of charity and quackery of one kind or another. But in mercantile and mechanical business, the world is more competent to judge than in the former, and they generally are truly their prerogative, sometimes truly, often falsely; but if a man has wealth, what a magnifier of his virtue.

I now behold a man whose talents were once generally supposed to be below mediocrity, but chance threw in his way a widow worth some hundred thousand dollars; when lo, and behold! his name was in everybody's mouth, and the success of his practice was astonishing; when in the next block below him, in the same street, toiling in poverty, lives a man as far superior to him in talents and attainments as his friend is in wealth—thus it is the world judges.

Well do I remember the smiles of beauty and bows of friendship I received some twenty years ago, when I began to emulate something from my practice, and was enabled to drive a horse and carriage, where I used to walk, many knew me that did not recognize me before, and many knew me that I did not remember; while some of my old acquaintances, that knew me from childhood, thought that I must possess some talent, or I never would have succeeded, and when requiring professional services would be sure to send for him they had known so long, but had forgotten; and thus my success gained for me the acquaintances of my boyhood. While the same men a few years before, if a success had kept me from starving, would have forgotten to have given it; but the same one despised their aid as his scorned their friendship. Among the poor and humble was often found that which was more grateful to his heart: their gold and with no wife to soothe and sustain, or no dear ones to suffer, he sustained himself and now lives to show that it is not necessary to get married to gain the confidence of his patients, or to have rich and powerful connections to obtain a practice.

Few except those who have passed through the ordeal, can know the trials and difficulties young professional men endure before they attain a rank or position in society, or else few, if any, would have the courage to encounter, or the perseverance to surmount the difficulties which beset their path. To those who have not pursued a professional life, all looks fair and smooth, and perchance they envy the physician his easily got, though toil earned fee, or the large income of the lawyer, or the fame and influence of the talented clergyman; never considering for a moment the deep research and patient investigation by the bible of contagion and death, or the midnight and morning study with many books, or the aching brow, and disappointed expectations, that had been endured to gain his popularity, or acquire that fame which at best is but a poor return for the sacrifice made to obtain it. These are the causes that furrow the brow and blanch the hair of the professional man and make him though young in years, old in feelings. 'Tis like the trappings of the theatre—before the scenes all is gold and sunshine, behind all is gloom and cheerless. Could the private feelings and views, the hopes and bitter disappointments of professional life be laid open to the world, the wonder would be that so much is endured, and so little return expected, and doctor's bills would be more readily paid, the minister's salary not wondered at, and the lawyers services, if required, less grudgingly remunerated.

The Page of Memory. The book of the heart contains many pages, among which, none more highly prized and more frequently read than that of memory. It bears many records—some that smile and some that frown, and yet, all are precious, because all are real. We do not preserve upon this diary merely the pleasant things of life; what we have suffered is graven there in characters as lasting.

Many of these records are simply the account of process by which we have been purified and strengthened and urged forward. We save them for the results they have brought forth—it would be difficult to tell which affords us the most satisfaction—the sunny or the shadowed lines. The pain which brings an increase or delight at last, is sweet and satisfying. A little reflection—a trifle of philosophy cleanses the stings of adversity into luxuries.

How strange the writing of the far away past appears when contrasted with that of the immediate present. We can scarcely believe they were traced by the same hand in reference to the same person. The tender sentiment of childhood—the rosy romance of youth—the more mainly logic of mature years—the cares, the struggles, the anxiety of the present moment—what a melody do they compose. Is life, then, so prosaic in its vicissitudes? Were we so and are we this?

This page of memory was set apart not merely for our enjoyment, but also for our benefit. By comparison we may gain much knowledge. We should often meditate upon its contents—see where we have erred, where we have failed in purpose or promise, in what way we might have increased the beauty of one record, or diminished the deformity of another;—and by these means we shall be able to direct our steps more successfully in the future. The surest way to escape an increase of discipline is to employ an art that which has already been laid upon us.

O, wondrous page of memory! who can gaze upon it unmoved? Is there nothing written here that makes the eye moisten and the lip quiver—that startles the soul and sets the heart throbbing as if it would break its bonds and banish the struggle. Could we show the world this page, and shrink not as they read its various items.

It is a pleasant page if we have not worried in well doing. It is an awful page if we have wasted our talents. It is a true and faithful page in either case—and I from it shall come pure and delight or eternal sorrow. Examine it well. It is big with the future.

[Buffalo Express.]

I envy no quality of mind or intellect in others, but I envy power wit or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing, for it makes life a discipline of goodness, creates new hopes when all earthly hopes vanish; and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakes life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of fortune, and shame the ladder of ascent to Paradise; and far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of peace and sanctity, the gardens of the blest, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the sceptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation and despair.—Hampshire Daily.

The New Jersey Zinc.

The following interesting article is copied from the Scientific American. The writer of it, it will be seen, speaks of the zinc from knowledge, and pronounces it far more beautiful, as a paint, than white lead. It is for sale at the Drug Store of Dr. E. B. Perkins:

In many parts of the world there are large strata of zinc ore; that is, zinc in the form of an oxide mixed with other metallic ores. The ore of the sulphuret of zinc is quite abundant in various parts of the world, and this is generally combined with arsenic, cadmium, iron, and some other mixtures. The sulphuret of zinc is very fractious, and expensive to manufacture, especially to bring it to the white oxide for the purpose of paint. In Sussex Co. N. J. and one or two other counties, we believe, large veins of zinc ore have been known to exist for a great length of time. These zinc ores are mixed with franklinite (an ore of iron) and manganese. It is not a sulphuret, nor is it mixed with arsenic or other volatile metals. For many years, we know, the economical reduction of this ore was a problem. Many eminent chemists, such as Dr. Ure and others, were consulted, but they afforded no satisfactory information on to work it profitably. Some years ago an association, named "The New Jersey Zinc Company," was formed for the purpose of manufacturing the zinc ore into paint. But as white lead is the best, and on a basis of almost all our paints, it was discovered that unless the zinc ore could be reduced to the white oxide, the company would fail in one of its objects of its organization. Why? Because white lead is an unhealthy and a dangerous paint, to use, both for painters and those who have to dwell in newly painted houses. While white zinc is more enduring than white lead, and is quite healthy to use. The Company, about two years ago, erected works on the Passaic river, near to Newark, N. J., for the manufacture of the ore into white zinc paint, and various shades, from a light cinnamon to a cinabar color. The Company has learned much since it first commenced operations; many difficulties have been overcome and a new invention, (elicited by that profitable teacher, necessity) have at last crowned all the efforts of this Company with well deserved success, and now it is on the high road to become one of the most prosperous associations in the world.

The ore is taken from a distance of about thirty miles to the works, which are built on the passaic for the convenience of getting cheap fuel, &c. The ore is slightly roasted, then stamped in a mill, and placed in reducing furnaces, submitted to a certain degree of heat, and then the zinc, being volatile, passes away through pipes into bags of twisted cloth, which retain the white zinc, while the air, being more subtle, passes through the pores of the cloth. To perform this operation, exhausting machinery is placed in the reverse position to that which it is employed in forcing air into furnaces. The iron and manganese are retained in scoria in the furnaces, but the iron ore is very good and makes a far stronger metal than the best Swedish iron. We have described the process of making the white oxide—it is a beautiful and ingenious one. Of course it would not answer for some other kind of zinc ore. A patent was granted for it to S. T. Jones, and the claim was published in our list a few weeks ago.

The white oxide of zinc is mixed with oil, like white lead by grinding, and then packed in casks for market. We can speak from knowledge, and say that it is far more beautiful than white lead. It is our opinion that a minute quantity of chlorine gas which passes off with the air, helps to give the beautiful white color to the zinc. The sales of the Company amount to seven tons of paint per day, and in a few years it will amount to twenty tons. We believe that the ore from which the New Jersey zinc is made, is the only kind yet discovered which is free from arsenic or sulphur.

Save Your Earnings. The practice which many apprentices, clerks and others have of spending their earnings as fast as they accumulate, is one great reason why so many never attain a position above mediocrity in life. A person who receives but a small compensation for his services, will, with a little care over his exchequer and a system of regularity in his expenditures, find at the end of the year he is prepared to encounter any emergency or mishap. But as a general thing, they manage to get rid of their earnings quite as quick as they are due, thus leaving them wholly unprepared for emergencies, by sickness or otherwise. A system of curtailing unnecessary expense, if adapted by our younger folks would bring around the most happy and gratifying results, and be the means of raising to eminence and standing in society, many who have now contracted the habit of parting with their earnings so readily and foolishly—for the habit of keeping continually in debt begets indifference and dissipation a lack of self-respect, and an utter disregard for future prospects. The real cause of a great deal of crime may be traced to the habit of a foolish expenditure of money in early days.

The Roman walls were built without mortar, and yet so nicely joined that you could not get a pen knife between them. One of the obelisks that were taken to France was worked upon by an engraver for three weeks, and after spoiling several cases of his best tools, he could only engrave two lines. These would imply instruments superior to his own. If Champeillon can be trusted, the Damascus blades of the crusading times cannot be revealed. They could be beat double without breaking. Allusive to the cold blast may be found in the History of 700 years ago, where it is said that the elite train who had no sword, and was waiting for one to be forged, grew so impatient, that he dashed it from the anvil while red hot, and rushed up a mountain side to join in the fray, when the cold air tempered it before he met the foe.

Every one who has read Sir Walter Scott's works, knows of the description of a banquet meeting between Richard Coeur de Lion and Saladin, where each tested the character of his weapon; Richard cut an iron bar at a blow, but Saladin severed a light cushion at a touch, and throwing up a kerchief so light that it floated away on the air, drew his blade across it without any disturbance of its easy motion, dividing it in two pieces.

There are seven distinguished characters of voice in men and women. In men they are termed bass, baritone, tenor, robusto, or full-tenor, and tenor-leggiarolo, or counter-tenor. Those of women are termed contralto, mezzo-soprano and soprano. The compass will be found to vary according to the length of the vocal chords and windpipe the longest possessing the power of producing the greatest number of notes. Thus one voice may comprise a range of twelve notes, and another of sixteen, yet both may be of the same character. The change which occurs in the voice in the decline of life, is the result of the ossification of the cartilages of the larynx, and the hardening of its ligaments, which produce a hard and cracked sound.

Hear an Independent Paper. The Cincinnati Times, a paper flying ostensibly neutral colors, though occasionally evincing a Whig affection, recently discoursed as follows in regard to the party known as Whig. There is force in the article, and what gives it its force is this: "What principle has the Whig party heretofore represented, and what is meant by the death of the Whig party, it seems to us, pertinent questions to be answered, before entering upon the discussion of the main question—is the Whig party dead? We have contended and still contend that the Whig party, in its full integrity, has not existed since the death of Mr. Clay by the election of Mr. Van Buren; and that, since this period, the election of Harrison and Taylor were the result of independent, popular, individual action. Gen. Harrison, not having been a regular political hack, was not the first choice of the Whig party, but was taken as an available candidate; the people forced him upon the politicians. The same may be said, and with greater emphasis, of the hero of Buena Vista—John Tyler attempted independent action, and Webster came near losing his footing because he adhered to the interest of his country, rather than to the dead Whigism. "Where shall I go?" said the great expounder in answer to the blind bitterness of a set of political popes, from whom the voters had silently, but unmistakably withdrawn the acceptor of sovereignty.

The Democratic party so called, is in fact, the people; it is the basis and standard of all political action;—Democracy is the political designation of the people and in one sense, not a party—it is the rule of this country, that the Democratic party shall reign; and it is the exception to the rule, that the opposition shall occasionally be invested with the sovereign power. The Democratic or progress men, in the U. States; while the conservative party has been non-republican, then Whig, and always becoming more and more Democratic; it is born and dies, while the Democratic party, or the people, is immortal, subject to temporary disorganizations only.

Fast.—The Pittsburgh Dispatch says that on Saturday week the fast train on the Pennsylvania Railroad, when near Greensburg, attained the extraordinary speed of eighty miles per hour!

Children and Bachelors. The local man of the Albany Knickerbocker soliloquizes as follows about childhood and bachelorhood: "Oh that we were a boy again!" Bless their dear little hearts, how we love children. We always let them have their way unless they pull the cat's tail and torture dumb creatures, such as pulling the legs and wings off of flies, stealing confectionary, and poking straws in their mother's ear when she is stealing a nap. We never scold them for making mud pies or not keeping their noses clean, for we recollect when we were a child our's used to have its own way. Forgetfulness has blotted out the records of unhappy moments passed in early manhood, but memory, God bless her, still empties in our laps a spon full of good things we enjoyed when a child.

An old bachelor is a poor, forsaken, unprovided for creature. No young vines sprout at its roots, and no grapes are gathered from its branches. He tugs and sweats for himself, alone and nobly else. He returns at eve to his solitary abode and no smiling angel says: "My dear, where have you been so long?" No lisping children, staid his knee, and with cherub tones bewitchingly for "them thugarkineeth." He sleeps cold in winter for want of a comforter, and his summer are ripe with false blossoms of love. He is paying his addresses to solitary woe through life, finally to be welded with the cold rods of the valley. Poor, miserable bachelor. Happy married man, with an angel for a wife, and a dozen of little cherubs.

The clipper ship Central, of New York, reached that port on Tuesday last from California in 76 days, the quickest time on record.

The clipper ship Central, of New York, reached that port on Tuesday last from California in 76 days, the quickest time on record.